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NOT SO BAD.

MRS. NEWCOME (*her first game*).— Oh! is n't it awful? Horrible! Why, they will kill that man underneath!
HER DAUGHTER (*an enthusiast*).— Oh! he does n't mind it, Mother. He 's unconscious by this time!



THE MINOR MINSTREL'S MOAN.

AS A POET I'm merely a mocker,
And ten years ago 't was my trade
To lilt little lyrics, like Locker,
Or pen pretty playthings, like Praed.
But nowadays riot and racket
Are what I'm expected to sing; —
I blow my poor pipe till I crack it,
For Kipling's steam siren 's the thing.

This fashion requires me to choose sharp,
Short metres, aggressive and strong.
I used to twing-twang on a jewsharp —
To-day I must pound on a gong.
Farewell to the "dance, debonair" words
Which suit *vers de société*;
What 's wanted are curses and swear-words,
Since Kipling 's the model to-day.

In old times my mental equipment
Was a flirt and a flower and a fan;
I hardly knew what a warship meant,
Nor where one could find Hindostan.
Yet now I 'm as salt as a sailor,
And babble the *bat* of Bengal:
You 'd think I 'd been mate on a mailer —
For Kipling and I know it all.



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A CURIOUS POLICE FORCE.

MRS. CASEY. — And phat was the strangest thing ye see in Paris,
Mrs. Rooney?
MRS. ROONEY. — Frinch Polacemin!
MRS. CASEY. — And phat was there strange about Frinch polacemin,
Mrs. Rooney?
MRS. ROONEY. — They was Frinch!

AT ANY rate, the British War Office has mastered the art of breaking
the news gently.

I once prized good form at a high rate,
My very worst phrase was, "the deuce!"
At present I rave like a pirate
And revel in slang and abuse.
It 's part of my poet profession
To seem full as tough as I am —
For Kipling leads off the procession,
And Kipling says "bloomin'" and "damn."

Though oftentimes, jaded by jobs on
His hands he must do, one regrets
The delicate ditties of Dobson,
And Calverley's trim triolets.
One sees that his best imitation
Caught only their form, not their wit,
And fears lest his Kiplingization
Has really no Kipling in it!

Manley H. Pike.

PROVING A SUPERSTITION.

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BOWERS. — And you don't believe that
it is unlucky for two friends walking, to
allow a third person to pass between
them?
DOWERS (in disgust). — No! To prove
it! I hear some one coming back of us!
I will allow him to pass between us! I
am not afraid!



THE THIRD PARTY. — S'cuse me gents!
DOWERS (pleasantly). — All right! Help
yourself!



BOWERS. — Well, you don't believe that
was unlucky?
DOWERS. — Why, no! Ha! Ha!
BOWERS. — Well, look at your coat!



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TOO EARLY TO SAY.

MRS. JONES.—Do you think Percy Highflyer will ever marry our Ethel?
MR. JONES.—It's too early to say. Ethel says he is going to give me a box of cigars for Christmas, and I can't tell 'till I try one of them!

A LONG-FELT WANT.

"No," decidedly said the editor; "I don't require any more foot-ball stories at present."

"But," pleaded the genius, "this one is entirely different from the other foot-ball tales."

"Indeed!" sarcastically smiled the editor. "In what way, may I ask?"

"The hero does not save the game, and incidentally win a wife by making a seventy-yard run in the last two minutes of play!" triumphantly exclaimed the author.

Not a word did the editor utter; but tears of gratitude filled his eyes as he reached for an acceptance slip.

USUALLY THE CASE.

LITTLE WILLY.—Papa, what is a pessimist?

MR. HENNYPECK.—A married man, my son.

HIS SENTIMENTS.

HIS FATHER.—It is really your own money you are squandering. You know every dollar I have will be left to you.

THE SCAPEGRACE.—Well, Father, a dollar in the hand is worth two in the hands of the family lawyer.

A LITERARY CONFERENCE.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Is n't the hero grand?

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—Is n't he? Why, he is so noble that I was positively jealous of the heroine.

USUALLY.

"What does it mean when they say an army is decimated?"

"Oh! that's when ten per cent. are killed or wounded and ninety per cent run."

NOT IMPRESSED BY THE APPEAL.

ISAACS.—He says he would consider dot a favor.

COHENSTEIN (*coldly*).—Dot means he expects me to do it for nodings.



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"SOMETHING ON A COUNT."



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ALWAYS ROOM FOR MORE.

"An' 't please you, I would have him grow up to be a wise man!"

"I' faith, good dame, 't is one of the few lines that are not overcrowded!"

A LESSON.

I. "CUPID, DEAR," said Mother Venus, "Come! your lessons you must say. Put away your bow and arrow, You have played enough to-day."

II. "Get your book on mathematics, Here's a simple sum to do: Add a heart unto another— Then how many make the two?"

III. "Oh!" said Cupid, "that is easy! By addition we get one; But if we should add too many It would be reduced to none."

IV. "Next, my son, a little history: Name earth's Kings— who rule, I mean." "Don't you know," remarked Love, sweetly, "That the ruler is a Queen?"

V. "Now geography we'll study: Designate the blissful state." "Once," said Love, "it was my province; 'Riches' it is called of late."

VI. "Paradise you now must border." "On each side," replied the Boy, "Is the land of Faith and Honor, Circled by the river Joy."

VII. "Good! quite good! As a new lesson Logic for a change we'll try." "No, dear Mother!" cried Love, frightened;— "If I learned it I should die!"

E. Scott O'Connor.

PREPARED FOR A CHANGE.

ELDERLY FRIEND.—Well, have patience. You may not always be a grocer's boy.

THE BOY.—May be not. The crank I work for may take a notion to fire me any time.

JUGGERNAUT.

Juggernaut was much nettled by the report that Western learning had virtually subverted the ancient religion of the Orient.

"While it is true," protested the dread god, "that there is an occasional Hindu who has been schooled in foot-ball in the universities of America, and whom, therefore, I can not phase with my car, I have no difficulty whatever with the masses of the people! No, sir!"

Not for a moment did the deity contemplate an electrical trolley equipment, as rumored. That were a needless expense.

STILL COMING.

UNCLE BOB.—Then your birthday is over, is n't it?

JOHNNY.—Yes;—all except a steam engine Mama promised to buy me; but she has n't done it yet.

IN CHICAGO.

MRS. PORKCHOPS.—I supposed Mr. Cashman was a well-bred person. PORKCHOPS.—So he is; but he blows too much about it.



UNSOPHISTICATED INNOCENCE.

MISS BULLION.—Are you quite sure that Ferdinand loves you for yourself alone?

MISS GOTROX.—Oh, quite! Why, the dear boy actually has an idea that Dun's and Bradstreet's are confectionery stores!

HE WAS LOOKING FOR SUCH CASES.

CONVICT (bitterly).—Yes; rum brought me to this!

MISSIONARY (on the spur of the moment).—I'm delighted to hear it!

HIS OPINION.

SHE.—What have you to say of a girl who marries a man to reform him?

HE.—I think she's spoiling a mighty good wife for some other fellow.



ON THE GRAND STAND.

FIRST ROOTER.—Go it, Tusks! He's bound to score!

SECOND ROOTER.—Betcher life! A bag of peanuts would n't stop him now!

FROM THE PARADISE (KY.) BUGLE.

WHILE OUR urbane friend and subscriber, Major Tankersley, who resides in the Pogwash neighborhood, was driving home after the lynching, last Monday evening, a deplorable accident befell him. Just as the gallant Major was in the act of driving across the railroad track and up-tilting a gallon jug of rare old Bourbon presented to him by that prince of genial gentlemen, Judge Remington Slaughter, his vehicle was struck by the east-bound accommodation train. The Major was thrown fully thirty feet from the place of the impact and mightily painfully jolted, but unfortunately not seriously enough hurt to be able to secure damages from the railroad company. The jug was smashed to atoms and its contents irrevocably spilled. Major Tankersley has the sympathy of the entire community.

We wish to forcibly impress upon the minds of our correspondents that we desire them to send in their news items while they are fresh. We don't like to publish a birth notice after the child has been weaned, a marriage announcement just when the groom has brought the waning honeymoon to an abrupt end by bestowing a conjugal beating upon his bride, nor an obituary sketch on the day that the subject's widow takes unto herself another spouse. We want our news to be strictly up to date. In this connection, we will drop the hint to our correspondents that it has got so that certain formerly honorable titles now mean nothing in particular, and we intend to begin right now to rectify the matter. Hereafter we will not dignify with the title of Major any gentleman who has not officiated prominently at at least five (5) lynchings. Seven (7) will make him a Colonel, and above seven a General. Under five he may be either a Captain or a Judge, as he prefers. Republicans and Mormon Elders counted the same as niggers.

We very much dislike to indulge in captious criticisms in these columns, but the exigencies of the situation compel us to whisper hoarsely in the ear of a certain sportive office-holder, well known to our readers, who, during his vacation trip to the North, got bitten by the golf mania to the extent that he has ever since been gabbling the idiotic nomenclature of the game and frittering away the golden hours, for which he is paid a salary, in chasing a little ball over the face of Nature with a crooked stick, that if he does n't let up on his fatuous frivolity pretty soon and get down to business, the sensible voters of this community will presently seize their niblocks, or whackbits, or dingbats, or whatever they are called, and fizzle his political put for him, and do it good and plenty. We have spoken, and a word to the wise is, or ought to be, sufficient.

VERY LIKELY.

SHE.—I understand Miss Gotrox married a struggling young man.

HE.—Well, who would n't have struggled to get her?

SOME FOLKS are so intent on putting by something for a rainy day that they get little or no enjoyment out of pleasant weather.



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NOT EXCLUSIVE.

"Dat 's de trouble about Mrs. Easy's Functions, Willy! You meets sech a crush!

COMPENSATION.

"When the astronomer considers that the earth is but a speck in the universe and that man is but a speck on the earth, it must make him feel small."

"Yes; but when he compares himself with the men who don't know enough to feel small it must make him feel big."

USUALLY.

"When you pick up a pin in the street what is that a sign of?"

"That 's a sign that you are superstitious."

FAIR NOTICE.

FATHER.—So, my daughter referred you to me?

THE SUITOR.—Yes; —just as a matter of form.

THE PROCESS.

"Do you believe that man and wife are one?"

"Yes. Usually the man is benevolently assimilated."

IN CANADA.

"Well," said the detective, "this is an unexpected pleasure! I thought it was true that you died."

"No," said the defaulter, with a sigh; "I did n't die — I merely passed away."

ADVICE.

IKEY.—Fader, vot is der difference between poetry undt poesys?

FADER.—I don't know, Ikey; but if I vos you I would n't bodder about eider of dem.

AN OPTIMIST is one who can console himself with the thought that it might have been worse.



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A CINCH.

MRS. KELLY (i A. M.).—How could yez git droonk widout a cint in your pocket?

MR. KELLY.—Whoi, Rooney was talkin' war, Casey was talkin' politics, and Hogan was talkin' baby! All I hod to do was to kape me mouth shut!



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PAINFUL.

THE EEL.—What's the matter? You seem to be in pain.
THE TURTLE.—I just shook hands with a lobster.

AB

NOT PRECISELY WHITE.

A soul which had sold shoes for a living drew near to the pearly gates.

"I used to tell women that a No. 5 was a No. 3," faltered the soul. "But that was a white lie, was it not?"

"More of an ecru," replied St. Peter, severely.



THE DIFFICULTY IN THE CASE.

FIRST BUNCO MAN.—This chap I'm trying to work is n't so easy as I expected.

SECOND BUNCO MAN.—I thought he had more money than brains.

FIRST BUNCO MAN.—He has; but he has brains enough to see that he has.

HIS IMPRESSION.

"Wal, now!" said the rural deacon, after he had been enlightened on the subject by the poet; "I allus supposed that 'dank' was a swear-word!"

QUITE FREQUENTLY honesty is the best politics.

ART OF CONVERSATION IN THE HOUSEHOLD.



MR. J., I wish you would kindly inform me where you put my slippers."
"Ma—Ma, Alice tattled on me to-day! She told the teacher—"
"You're an old fibber! I did n't—"
"Henry, dear, did you tell the plumber to come to-morrow, sure?"
"Pa, make Neddie leave my book alone!"
"Plaze, Mum, there's no salt, an' th' grocer fergot th' bakin'-powther."
"Henry, dear, I wish you would n't wear those shiny trousers to the office."
"I tell you what, Mrs. J., you've got to run a little closer on household expenses or we'll all go to the poor-farm. The meat bill this month was enormous!"
"Ma—Ma, Neddie's scratching the piano!"
"Pa, make Alice stop pinching me!"
"Papa, can I go to the show?"
"If you children don't behave and be quiet you'll all go upstairs on short notice!"
"Neddie, come here!"
"Pa, what's a hipperkit? Johnny Cox says his mother says you're one."
"Henry, dear, have you a dollar in change? I want to pay the iceman."
"Pa, please give me a penny."
"Mrs. J., you'll ruin your eyes sewing by this light. If you women would sew by daylight instead of putting in your time at card parties and receptions, you'd be better off."
"Ma—Ma, can I go to Della Brown's party?"
"Pa, make Neddie stop!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

WHAT HE WANTED.

MAMA.—No; you've had enough cake.

THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD.—O Mama! please can't I have too much?

INFORMATION.

FRIEND.—What is the capacity of your hotel?

PROPRIETOR.—Well, we can accommodate two hundred, or we can make three hundred uncomfortable.

A HANDSOME BEARD and a fund of interesting small-talk are frequently the main factors in securing and retaining a lucrative medical practice.

It is only when the ills of the body politic are acute that the cheap nostrums become political capital.



HER INCREDULITY.

DELBETTE.—You are the only girl I have ever loved!

MISS HADDUM.—I don't believe you!

DELBETTE.—That's funny! All the rest of 'em did.

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PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, December 20, 1899.—No. 1189.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SOME STRENUOUS LIFE.

THE FOOT-BALL season ends, and lovers of the strenuous must try to content themselves for the next eight or nine months with prize-fighting. This will demand, of course, more or less of the philosophy of resignation; for prize-fighting is not only comparatively tame and gentle, but, for some reason, it is held to be a less polite and estimable sport. We do not know why. No one knows why. Foot-ball kills twenty men where prize-fighting kills one, but in spite of this awkwardly prominent fact prize-fighting continues to be referred to as "brutal," while foot-ball is lauded as an educator. Six young men—which is the average yearly killing—have been fatally hurt on the foot-ball field this year. Two died of concussion of the spine, one of peritonitis, two of fractured skulls and one of a fractured spine. These six deaths occurred during the two months of October and November. We lack the courage to declare against a game so universally popular; but, with this interesting death-rate in mind, we will be bold enough to say that it is perhaps just as well that the sport is limited to three months in the year.

THE DANGERS OF PEACE

WHAT A sad lot of old cave-men we are, to be sure! You would think, would n't you, with all the beautiful poems and essays and things that have been written about peace and good will and the brotherhood of man and the holy qualities of friendship, that rumors of a friendly understanding among three great nations of the world would be hailed with rejoicing? If it is good for brothers to dwell in amity, how much better for peoples so to dwell! You would suppose that the mere hint of such a thing would set all the other nations to falling on the necks of one another, and to swearing eternal love and fidelity. But here three nations get the idea that they have a friendly feeling in common and things get strained right away. The parties involved delegate their wariest diplomats to say just enough and not too much about it; for it would be dangerous to have it suspected that they think too well of one another. To be entirely dignified in the proceeding each party must have one hand on his heart and the other in his hip pocket. And the other nations for whom no covers are laid at this love-feast—well, they regard the friendship talk as a menace to them. Instead of remarking how beautiful it all is, they talk of mobilizing reserves and building fleets of torpedo boats and being on guard, just as if there had been talk of war instead of peace. There seems to be nothing like the mere thought of peace and amity and brotherly love and friendly co-operation, and all those sublime things, for making the world suspicious and warlike.

DEMOCRATIC CHANCES.

IN OUTLINING the position of the Democrats in Congress the other day, Representative Carmack remarked: "If discord and folly shall distract their deliberations, then the Democratic party is foredoomed to defeat. But if wisdom and prudence and courage are to rule, then I believe that the Democratic party will move on to a glorious victory with the stainless Nebraskan at its head." It should be noted that the qualities mentioned as essential to Democratic success are the ones conspicuously needed by the present inmates of Bloomingdale; and that they have the same privilege and opportunity that the Democrats have to manifest them. At this distance we can not tell whether Representative Carmack is a humorist or a man wholly devoid of humor.

REPUBLICAN CHANCES.

CONGRESS is on the country's hands again, and promises to turn out a volume or so of interesting history. The greater part of it will be of Republican make, and that party has an excellent opportunity to show what it can do. There is plenty of work for it. There is a currency bill to be talked about—and passed if it has the courage. And there is the scandal concerning the parentage of certain Trusts that should be cleared up. Some gossips say that the tariff is the mother of all Trusts. This is manifestly untrue. But it is manifestly true that the tariff has some children of this sort, and

the sooner protection is denied them the better it will be for the Republican party. The Tin Plate Trust is a conspicuous example. It is an evil. Not because it is a Trust, but because it is a tariff-made Trust. It is a tax on the consumer for the benefit of a few favored individuals. It has placed protectionists in an awkward position. By withdrawing protection from it and from other Trusts dependent not upon legitimate business enterprise but upon a tariff-schedule, the Republican party would show a rare measure of common sense. As some of its leading newspaper organs are urging this course, it may receive attention.

MARRIAGE.

There is no proper marriage
Save where oneness is of soul;—
When Cupid scores the touchdown,
Then let Hymen kick the goal.

ROOM FOR SUCH EFFORT.

"New York theatrical agents are scouring foreign markets for new dramatic attractions."
"They are? Well, they would better stay at home and scour some of the plays they have already secured!"

CRUSHED.

"Ah! money comes hard, nowadays," cried the free silver orator, savagely. He had just presented a check for five hundred dollars and got paid in silver.
Crushed 'neath the shame of his country's infamy he staggered to the next lecture place!

POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

"Another British defeat is reported from Paris."
"Oh! that's nothing. When they have nothing else to do in Paris they defeat the British army."

BARELY POSSIBLE.

"Think General Buller will eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria?"
"Well, he might if he is n't careful. Remember the hussars and the fusiliers."

THE BOER is a farmer only in the strictly agricultural sense of the expression.

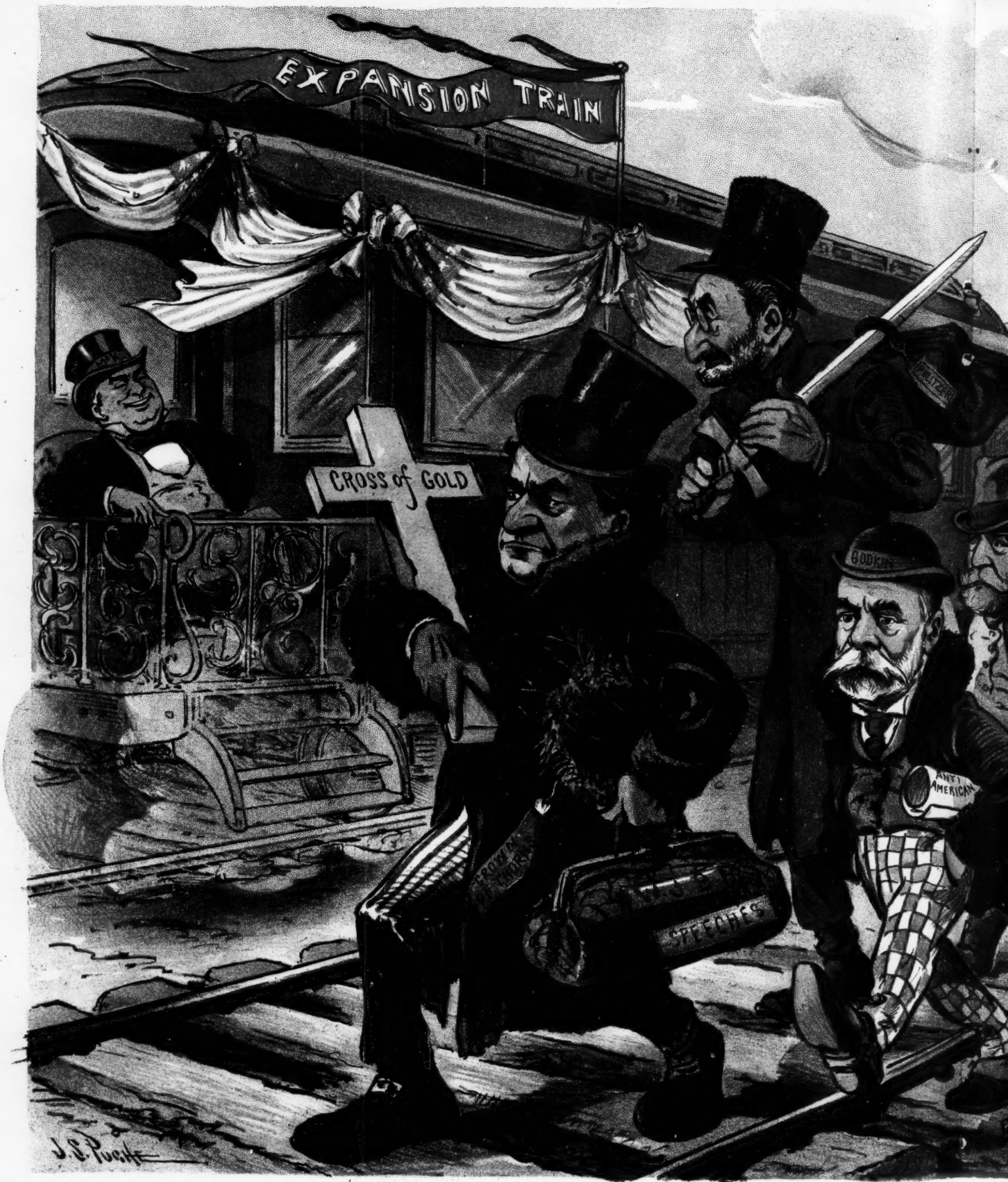
THE BRITISH army mule should be taught to remember Majuba.



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A CHARMED LIFE.

AUNTY BLACK.—I wish somebody 'd pizen dat ere dog!
LITTLE SAM.—I reckon 't would n't hurt him much. He 's bin runned over four times an' it ain't did him much harm.



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"BUSTED"



"BUSTED!"

MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.

ON AGUINALDO.



"LOOKS at present," said I, "as if Aguinaldo would not give you very much more trouble."

"Oi judge so," said Mulligan, "from what Oi see in the papers. We have bated him in the field an' in the tranches an' in the mud an' at the polls an' some day we 'll bate him in a foot-race, an' thot 'll be the crownin' triumph. Oi thought we had him nabbed a little while ago, but he is n't an aisy man to thrap. He hates to show the whoite feather, so he does, an' he thries to kape so far ahid av the purshuin' fooces thot they 'll niver get near enough to get a glimpse av it. He 's a different sort av a soger from yer Br-ritish officers down in South Afriky thot, whiniver there 's a thrap in the neighborhood, walks into it, aiquilly regar-rdless av fear an' common sinse, so thot yer war daypar-rtmint has to cheer up the public from toime to toime by issuin' a bulletin sayin' 'The situation has gr-reatly impr-roved an' could n't be more sathisfactory. Not a single wan av our able commanders has walked into a thrap since last Chewsda'."

"Now, whin Aguinaldo sees or hears or aiven thinks av a thrap, off he goes on a sivinty-foive-moile thrip through mud an' slush, takin' little or nothin' wit' him but his capital, an' shtoppin' only for a shor-rt br-rathin'-spell an' to announce thot he has med up his moind to change the sate av gover'mint av the Philippines an' thot if anny foreign ambassadors is incloined to ricognoize him he will be plased to resave thim wit' gr-reat honors in his proivate shwamp. An' to get him thrapped, Oi 'm thinkin', 't will be nicissary to have wan gin'ral run loike the divil wit' the thrap an' get ahid av him, while another gin'ral, runnin' loike the divil, 'll come up behoidn him an' push him in. An' thot 's what 'll happen to him wan av these foine days."

"And what will happen to him afterward?"

"Oi shud think," said Mulligan, "thot the first thing to be done afther the war wud be for both soides to sit down a while an' take a much-naded rest, for there niver was a war mintioned in histhory, Oi do belave, where both soides was so often out av breath. An' thin, as for Aguinaldo, if Oi 'm anny prophet, we 'll nayther hang him nor shoot him nor clap him into jail. Bedad! the chances are thot we 'll thrate him so well thot he 'll begin to ax himsilf what the divil it was he was



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INTERESTED.

"Me sister 's sick, an' we t'ink she 's got de whoopin'-cough."

"Is dat so? I 'll give her a penny if she 'll let me hear her whoop."

runnin' away from. An' thin, Oi suppose, we 'll ricommind thot he shud improve his health by thravelin' abr-road. If he had accipted the situation afther the battle of Manila Bay, he moight have sted in the counthry an' welcome an' may be taken a hand in politics an' delivered scathin' raybukes to the administhrathion as we all do whin we feel loike it, an' predictions thot the counthry is goin' to the divil an' iplanations, afterwards, av why it did n't. Or he moight have wint on the leckcher platfor-m an' tould us all about his glorious shtruggle ag'in' the Spaniards whin he tuk up ar-rums to see who cud waste the most ammunition an' who cud wroite the most triumphant pr-roclamations. Bedad! he may come to thot, annyhow. We 're a good-natured an' loikewise an inquisitive payple, an' the toime may come whin we 'll be flockin' to the theaytres an' the opera houses to see how Aguinaldo luks in a driss-shute an' to hear him blow his goold whistle an' to listen to him tellin' us what he thinks about us. But me own opinion is thot it wud be betther if he wint abr-road for a while. South Ameriky, Oi 'm thinkin', ud be the place to shute him. We cud give him a letther av intrhroduction to the Prisdint av Venezoola, descr-roibin' him as an able an' intherproisin' young revolutionist out av a job an' axin' the Prisdint to use his infloence to foind him im-pl'yment in the nixt insurrection. An' the furst thing we 'd know we 'd hear av Aguinaldo defyin' the Prisdint an' makin' a bee-loine for the Aquathor an' announcin' thot he had established the sate av gover'mint in a lovely spot, but thot it ud be subject to change, loike the railroad toime-tables, without notice. An' he 'd have siv'ral thousand square-moiles av counthry to run around an' enj'y himsilf in, an' the Prisdint ud niver bother him, for they do not take a revolutionist sayriously down there unliiss he comes along an' captures the Prisdintial mansion. Whin he does thot, the Prisdint meks up his moind thot the cares av office is weighing too heavily on him an' tells how he has been thinkin' for quoitte a while av raytoirin' to proivate loife—jist like manny av our own states-min whin they git shnowed under at the polls.

"Yis; Oi t'ink South Ameriky is the place for Aguinaldo. 'T wud be a pity to cut shor-rt the young man's carare at his airly age an' South Ameriky is the only place Oi know av where he 'd have anny pr-prospects av gettin' along in his pr-ro-fission. A change av air ud do him good, an', bedad! it ud suit us!"



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A SHAME.

PENELOPE.—He says that I am an angel—an ethereal spirit—a heavenly benediction—and—er—I think I shall marry him.

GENEVIEVE.—Oh, Penelope! what a shame to wake him up!



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A HIGH-CLASS ESTABLISHMENT.

MRS. INLAND.—Is eight dollars the best you can do?

SALESMAN.—Yes, Madam. Ve could mark it down to sefen ninety-nine or ninety-eight, but we don't haf no cheap tricks in our peezeness.

HE EXPLAINS.

MAMA (*severely*).—Fighting again?

JOHNNY.—Well, I could n't help it. When I licked Tommy Jones the last time I promised to give him another chance.

HIS WAY.

"Oom Paul does n't seem to have much to say in the papers."

"No; but when he does he talks like a Dutch uncle.

A NEEDLESS CONFLICT.

FIRST PUGILIST.—Are dem two mugs really goin' to fight?

SECOND PUGILIST.—Looks like it.

FIRST PUGILIST (*disgusted*).—Dey 're de wust diplomats I ever see!

THE ROYAL GAME.

Dan Cupid when it comes to golf
Is quite expert, he thinks;
For chappies furnish him with sticks
And clergymen with links.

FOREBODING.

"I hope these young men will not fight," said the first aged Basuto. "The upshot of this may be that we 'll be civilized."

"Just so," said the second aged Basuto, shaking his head gloomily; "and if that happens we can't deny that we 've brought it on ourselves."

THE TRANSVAAL "man with the hoe" is evidently convertible into a man with a Mauser.

FIGURES DON'T LIE, but Chicago census-takers—ahem!



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PUCKOGRAPHS.—XXXI.

A CELEBRATED PACE-MAKER.

THE "WOMAN'S PAGE."

BLEST GATEWAY through which modest man
The boudoir's mystic bounds has passed,
And bungling hither, thither, can
Glean knowledge of their secrets vast.
Oh! great enlightener of us
Who have no sisters and no wives—
I scan your columns, credulous,
And learn how my Belinda thrives.

That velvet plumpness of her cheeks—
I know the three ingredients.
(Quite "harmless;" and in two short weeks
Results arrive, as recompense.)
This "crème" 's not "greasy;" neither is
The stuff that makes her hands so white.
(But with the latter better 't is
To leave some gloves on over night.)

Perhaps Belinda is "Marie"
Who yearned for fluffy hair—for, lo!
It is a fine success, I see.
The formula right well I know;
I know how full should be her skirt,
How long a swell reception train;
And should her gloves be soiled by dirt
How she may make them clean again.

Those eyes, those lips, those dazzling pearls!
That figure plump, with grace defined!
Oh! queen of all the happy girls
A "Woman's Page" has e'er designed—
From observation close I may
To all its dictates lay my pen,
But I will witness bear that they
Are not so "harmless"—to the men.

Edwin L. Sabin.



ECONOMY MAY not always be Wealth, but it is a great preventive of Poverty.

MR. HANNA seems to be in form to punt the White Man's burden clean over the heads of the opposition rushline.



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ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

MANAGER.—Cut out all those old jokes!

ACTOR.—Y-Yes, sir!

MANAGER.—And put in some older ones! The public like a change once in a while!

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap
grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R
New York SOHMER BUILDING
Warehouses, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

The California Limited

Finest train west of Chicago.
66 hours to Los Angeles, via
Santa Fe Route.

Pullmans, Dining Car, Buffet-
Smoking Car (with barber
shop), Observation Car (with
ladies' parlor).

Vestibuled and electric-
lighted throughout.

Four times a week—Tuesdays,
Wednesdays, Thursdays and
Saturdays, 8.00 p. m. from
Chicago.

General Passenger Office,
The Atchafalpa, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
CHICAGO.

Coe's Eczema Cure \$1 at drug stores. The world's
surest cure for all skin
diseases. Samples Free by mail. Coe Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

BEECHAM'S PILLS make life worth living

Cure Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
10 cents and 95 cents, at drug stores.

YPSILANTI HEALTH UNDERWEAR

SEND FOR BOOKLET TO
HAY & TODD MFG. CO. YPSILANTI, MICH.



It Don't Pay ..

to buy anything but the
Best. This is the secret
of general appreciation of

Eagle Popular Cocktails

MARTINI,
WHISKEY,
MANHATTAN,
GIN, TOM GIN,
VERMOUTH, Etc.

They are superior to any
cocktails in the market,
made from the choicest
liquors and are uniform
in strength and healthful,
invigorating properties.

ASK ANYBODY.

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries.

RHEINSTROM BROS., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
945-967 Martin Street, or 946-966 E. Front Street.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

NOT AFRAID OF
ANYTHING.

"Is your husband a
courageous man,
Julia?"

"Courageous? He
went down street and
told my dressmaker
positively that she
should n't make my
street gowns trail." —
Detroit Free Press.

WHEN a woman is
critical of her sons it
means no more than
her apology for a cake
she made which she
knows was a success.
—Atchison Globe.

"High-art flavor for
high-bred gentlemen"

Nestor Cigarettes

AUTOMOBILE TALK.

"He has a great
faculty for putting the
cart before the horse."

"Oh! I would n't
say that. Say he has
a habit of trying to
make the wheels run
the motor." — Auto-
mobile Magazine.

BILL. — There is a
hand-organ trust now.

JILL. — Another
grinding monopoly. —
Yonkers Statesman.

NEXT to saving her
soul, a woman re-
gards keeping her
shape of most impor-
tance. — Atchison Globe.



THE HAPPY MINORITY.

FROSTY BYTE.—Dey say dis is a world uv misery; but I don't b'leve millionaires
enjoy demselves any better than we do.

FRAYED PANTZ.—Wot 's dat got ter do wit' it? Dere 's millions and millions uv
people in dis world dat are neither millionaires nor hoboes!

THE PIONEER LIMITED. — Only Perfect
Train in the world. Chicago, Milwaukee &
St. Paul Railway. Address for free illustrated,
descriptive booklet, Geo. H. Heafford, General
Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Again to the front for the Holidays, the world-re-
nowned appetizer and invigorator, Dr. Siegel's An-
gostura Bitters (from South America), the only genuine.
No Christmas or New Year's table complete without
it. Beware of imitations and domestic substitutes.

YEAST. — What is
that blue streak in the
air?

CRIMSONBEAK. —
Oh! that 's the Colo-
nel talking to the man
in the gas-office over
the wireless tele-
graph. — Yonkers
Statesman.

A MAN's idea of non-
partisanship is for
other men to vote the
same way. — Wash. Dem.



BENEDICT'S TIME.

(Trade-Mark.)

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

A Specialty.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CHAINS,
RICH JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.
Only perfect Cuff, Sleeve, and Collar Button made. Goes
in like a wedge and flies around across the buttonhole.
Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease.
No wear or tear. None genuine but those having the name
"BENEDICT" and date of patent stamped upon them.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,

Keepers of the City Time,
BENEDICT BUILDING, Broadway and Cortlandt Street, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1821.

THE man who uses
religion as a cloak in
this world may have a
smoking-jacket in the
next. — Elliott's Maga-
zine.

PATIENCE. — Mrs.
Styles' hats just suit
her, think.

PATRICE. — Well,
they don't suit her
husband, I hear.
— Yonkers Statesman.

Evans' Ale and Stout



Druggists
Grocers
Wine Dealers
Hotels
Restaurants
Cafés
Chop Houses
from Ocean to Ocean



OLD OVERHOLT

High Standard Pennsyl-
vania PURE RYE WHISKEY.
"BOTTLED IN BOND"
direct from the barrel at
the Distillery.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.,
Pittsburg, Pa.

BARRIOS DIAMOND STUD. \$1.00.

The setting is heavy rolled
plate and the stone a perfect
specimen of our Barrios Dia-
mond; no one would know but
that it cost \$250. Mailed to any
address upon receipt of price,
\$1.00. We are the sole importers
of these marvelous semi-pre-
cious stones. Send for cata-
logue. All goods warranted as
represented.

THE POMONA COMPANY, 1181-1183 Broadway, New York.

For Holiday Decorations.

Your Home and Your Business

should be adorned with Naturally Prepared
Palms, Arcas, Ferns, etc. They last
forever, need no care, are impervious to heat
and cold, and all that kills plant life.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



2638 Rosesprays, 18 ins. long, per doz., \$2.40
2200A Palm Plant, 36 ins. high, each, - 1.25
2210A Arca, 36 ins. high, each, - 1.50
2150 Fernish, 7 ins. diameter, each, - 1.50
Natural Palm Leaves, per hundred, - 2.00
Natural Smilax, per hundred feet, - 2.00
Send for free illustrated Catalogue "G."

FRANK NETSCHERT,

187 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
7 Barclay Street, New York.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.

Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.,
Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.
HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
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27, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Dockman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

The Great Passenger Line of America — NEW YORK CENTRAL.



THE proposal in a love story is to a girl what the pie at dinner is to a boy.
—*Atchison Globe.*



Rae's Lucca Olive Oil...

Combines
Perfection of Quality
with
Absolute Purity

S. RAE & CO.,
Leghorn, Italy.
Established 1836.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by **DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD.** Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures **FREE.** DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Lumbago are caused by URIC ACID IN THE BLOOD. Our REMEDY CURES BY REMOVING THE ACID. BOTTLES 50¢ & 1.00. **SWISS-AMERICAN CO., DETROIT, MICH.**

Personally-Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

SEASON OF 1899-1900.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces the following Personally-Conducted Tours for the season of 1899 and 1900:—

Mexico and California.—A forty-five-day tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg February 13. Fourteen days will be spent in Mexico and eighteen in California. The party will travel over the entire route by the "Mexico and California Special," the finest train that crosses the continent.

Florida.—Four tours to Jacksonville will leave New York and Philadelphia January 23, February 6 and 20, and March 6. The first three admit of a stay of two weeks in the "Flowerly State." Tickets for the fourth tour will be good to return by regular trains until May 31, 1900.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington.—Five tours will leave New York and Philadelphia February 3, March 3 and 31, April 14 and 28.

Old Point Comfort.—Six tours will leave New York and Philadelphia December 28, February 3, March 3 and 31, April 14 and 28.

Washington.—Six tours will leave New York and Philadelphia December 28, January 18, February 15, March 15, April 10, and May 3.

For detailed information apply to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

BOKER'S BITTERS

During the holidays no buffet ought to be without them.

THAT Chicago woman who spanked her husband every twenty-four hours did not waste any time on the "consent of the governed" idea.—*Washington Post.*

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

BILL.—Was the Colonel one of the men behind the guns?

EGBERT.—No; between you and me, I believe he was one of the men behind a tree.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE TRUE CONNOISSEUR.

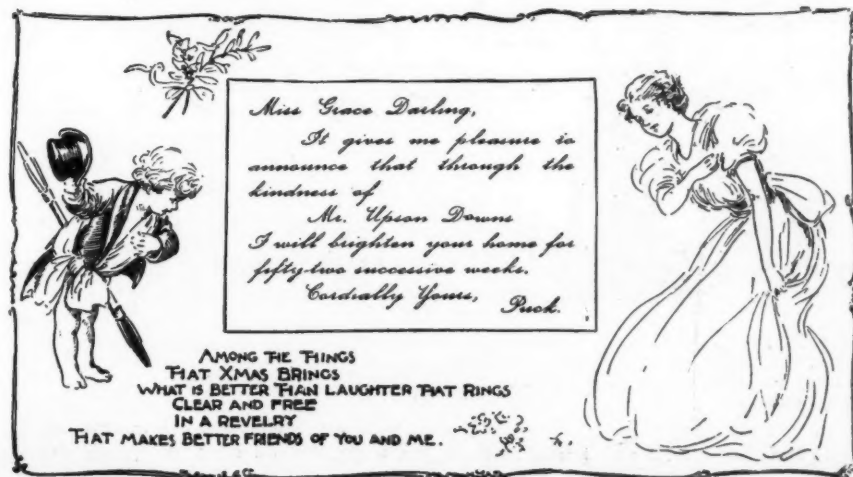
"Papa," said the boy, "when you say in your advertisements that your goods are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the best, what do you mean by connoisseurs?"

"A connoisseur, my boy," answered the great manufacturer, "is an eminent authority—an authority, in short, who admits that EVANS' ALE is the best."

PLAYS

Recitations, dialogues, and other entertainment books. New 128-page catalogue sent free on request.
DRAMATIC PUB. CO., Chicago.

Puck's Christmas Card.



Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

... A Suitable Christmas Present ...

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription Book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which this reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

This card, (size 7x4 1/4 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;

To send by mail to distant dear ones;

To put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present.

Address: PUCK, New York.



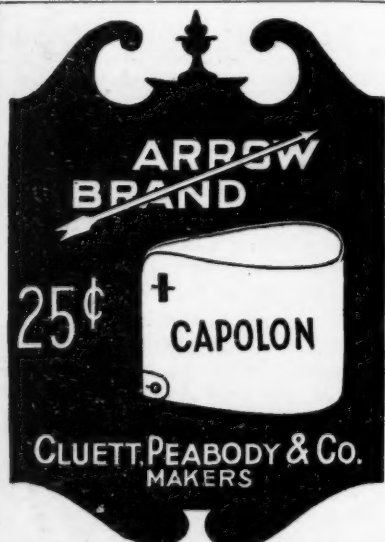
Highest Standard

There is never a time when it fails to satisfy even the most critical, because

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Maintains always its high standard of Purity, Age, Flavor.

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers. WM. LANAHAH & SON, Baltimore, Md.



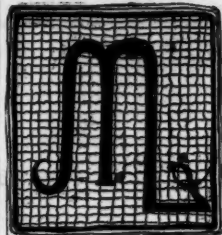
310 First Premiums
Awarded to the PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR. Guaranteed to operate in any climate. Send for catalogue. PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO. Homer City, Pa.

10c. Puck's Library 10c.
ALL NEWSDEALERS



St. Raphael Wine is a natural tonic, free from the injurious drugs used in most so-called "tonics." It is made only from the wholesome parts of the richest French grapes, concentrated and Pasteurized. It is especially valuable to nursing mothers, and in cases of weakness, impoverished blood, indigestion, gout, nervousness, malaria, anaemia, etc. It is used in all French hospitals.
At Dealers in High-Grade Wines and Leading Pharmacies.
CIRCULARS MAILED ON REQUEST.
Importation Office,
R. VAILLANT, 64 Broad Street, New York.

THE SOCIOLOGIST.



AR SAYS my eddycation will be pretty soon complete
A-setting on a footstool at the school-marm's learned feet;
For I 'm tekin' sauciology an' ekynomics, too;
An' how the many 's toilin' for the luxury o' few;
An' how the good time 's comin' when the pore hard-workin' man
Will hev somethin' else for dinner than the scrapin's o' the pan;
An' there 'll be enough for all by workin' onct a week,
Givin' lots o' time for spendin' on Esthetics an' on Greek.

While the school-marm waxes eloquent an' in a soarin' strain
Sings, "A man 's a man for a' that," an' will hev his own agane,
Which the same was taken from him by the Baron Robber thief —
Whose doin's in the ages dark is most beyond belief;
An' his shoes is filled igsackly by monopolists to-day,
Who drink champagne for water an' their taxes do not pay.

An' she tells o' Russian pesunts who are trodden under foot,
An' suffer somethin' awful from the Sar, — who is a brute, —
Who sends them miles an' miles away to work in chains an' sweat;
But the Lord will settle with the Sar, some day 'fore long, you bet!
An' so 't will happen everywhere that none shall do no wrong,
An' shall hev his portion, an' no more, which rightly doth belong.
An' Mar is glad to hear it, for she 's tired as tired can be,
O' keepin' boarders, five a week, an' hankers to be free.

Robert Easton.

IN PERPETUAL RETREAT.

THE AMERICAN.—Then Aguinaldo does not always lead the insurgent forces in person?

THE FILIPINO.—Oh, no, indeed! We have half-a-dozen generals who are faster on their feet than he.

WOULD N'T WALK IN.

"Nay!" said the veteran rat, sniffing at the cheese and walking scornfully past the trap; "I don't belong to the British army!"

THE POWER OF WEALTH.

The Boer 's the man behind the rocks,
Which makes it hard to find him, —
But the Briton wins, for he 's the man
Who has the rocks behind him.



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HE GOT IT.

BRONCO BILL.—Ya-as; it was funny that Hurricane Dan should die that way! He got shot by a tenderfoot while hunting!

GRIZZLY PETE.—Gosh! What was he hunting for?

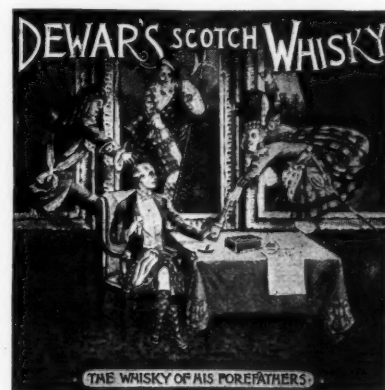
BRONCO BILL.—Why, that was the funny part of it! He was hunting fer fight, and the tenderfoot thought he meant it!



ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM
DISPELS EFFECTUALLY,
GOLDS HEADACHES
OVERCOMES & FEVERS
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
PERMANENTLY
TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE — MAN'F'D BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

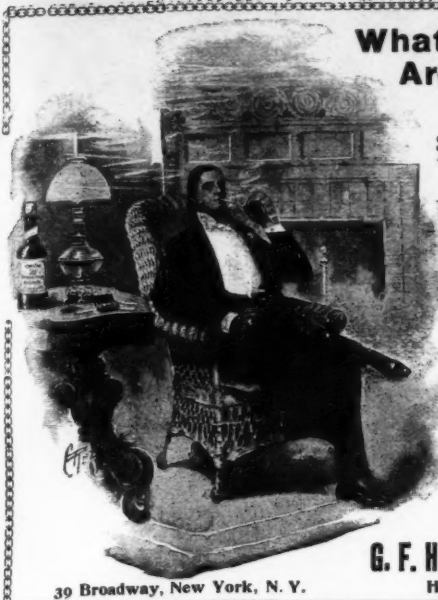


Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.



What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indisputable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

Hartford, Conn.

London.

39 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

WHEN a woman realizes that the happiness of the home depends more upon the grocery than the dry goods store, there is some hope for her.—*Atchison Globe.*

BUNNER'S

SHORT STORIES

SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated

MADE IN FRANCE.

French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated

MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated

THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated

Five Volumes, in Paper, \$2.50

"Cloth, 5.00

or separately } Per Volume, in Paper, \$0.50

as follows: } "Cloth, 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the

Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

OH! THE COMICAL COBBLER.

"You may as well engage apartments in the Almshouse," cried the humorous shoemaker.

"Why?" asked his good wife.

"Because," said he, humorous to the last, "I have lost my awl."

The patient woman, realizing that this sort of thing was a disease that could not be healed, smiled in a half-souled sort of way and resumed her work.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"I'M RIGHT," said a man in a discussion with his wife, "but I'm out-talked."—*Atchison Globe.*

CONTINUAL SUCCESS.

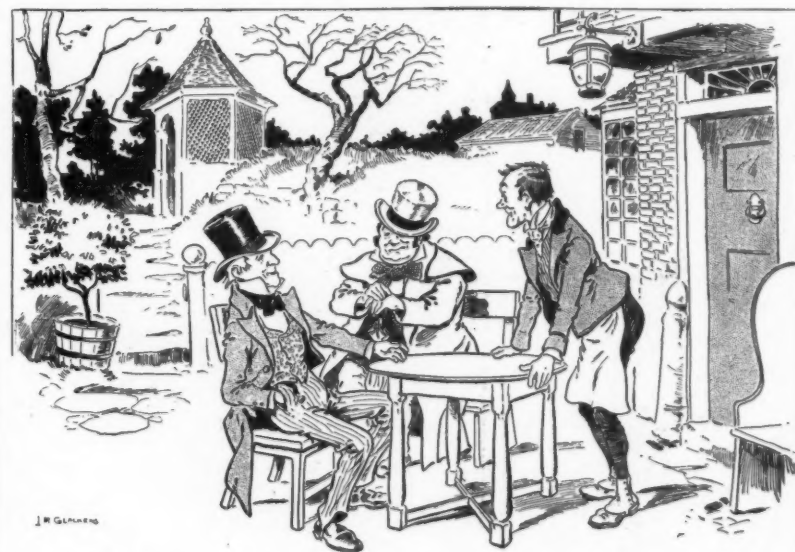
Mr. Byron Mauzy, representative of the Sohmer Piano Co., New York City, wired from San Francisco, on October 13th, that the Sohmer Piano had received "Special Award," the highest given at the Mechanics' Institute Fair at San Francisco, Cal.

Thus has the Sohmer Piano always been crowned since 1876. Wherever it has been exhibited, Medals and Diplomas have been the result—a success phenomenal in the history of the piano trade.

The salesrooms are now in the Sohmer Building, Fifth Ave. and 22d St., New York City, where the Sohmer Co. can always be found foremost in the ranks of progress, liberal and trustworthy in all their dealings.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 50c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.



A POSSIBLE RESULT.

GUEST.—Then you have n't seen Jonathan Oldbuck lately?

INNKEEPER.—Not since he married the widow Chalkline.

GUEST.—Say you so? The way that woman is trying to keep him sober is enough to drive the poor fellow to drink!

Speaking of a good Champagne brings in mind Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. The wine that sparkles.

Renew your nerve force by daily and systematic use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. If your grocer has n't it, the druggist has. Try it.

FUNNY FOLKS By F. M. HOWARTH.

A Collection of over **FOUR HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS** from PUCK, published in book form (Size 12x16 inches.) Bound in handsome cover, boxed.

16 Pages in Color. 24 Pages Black-and-White. Printed on Heavy Plate Paper.

An Appropriate Christmas Present.

A Most Acceptable Birthday Gift.

German Favor.

PRICE \$5.00.

Euchre Prize.

"It is needless to praise these ingenious stories in picture, with their short accompaniment of text; taken all together, they are truly amusing."

—Mail and Express.

"It is distinctly to be recommended as an antidote for the blues."—*Hartford Courant.*

"Is sure to be a favorite book for the holiday season."—*Churchman.*

"Mr. Howarth is a draughtsman whose ability is quite equal to his versatility, and this collection of drawings will furnish an almost inexhaustible source of enjoyment for old and young alike. Many of the illustrations are in color."—*Eastern Transcript.*

"Mr. Howarth's pictures are genuinely funny, and the brief legends under them usually possess the soul of humor. The collection, as a whole, has hours of entertainment in it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

For sale by all booksellers, or by mail, postpaid, either from the publishers,

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 West 23d St., New York, N. Y., or from PUCK, New York, N. Y.

When I Was a Boy NOTHING GAVE ME MORE PLEASURE THAN A KNIFE.

And Boys are the same to-day.

THESE NOVELTY KNIVES

cost no more than other good knives, and for Christmas I may as well get one for each of my grand-children, with their names beneath one side of the handle and my photo on the other.

YOU CAN'T MAKE A MISTAKE.

The blades are forged from best razor steel; all tested; warranted for six months to be perfect in temper—if defective, send them back.

A FINE KNIFE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

BOYS' KNIVES:

Medium, 2 blades, 75c.

Large, 2 blades, 85c.

Junior, 2 blades, \$1.

MEN'S KNIVES:

No. 188—Large, 2 blades, \$1.50;

2 blades, \$2; Large Knife, 2 blades, \$1.75;

Small Knife, 2 blades, \$1.50;

Brewer's Knife, 2 blades and Corkscrew, \$2.25.

LADIES' KNIVES:

No. 96—2 blades, 90c.;

2 blades, \$1.25.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Everybody wants one of these Knives. Liberal terms.

Send 2-cent stamp for particulars.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 10 Bar St., Canton, O.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Rich Laces

Point Arabe Garnitures, Spangled Lace Draperies, Guipure and Renaissance Robes, Lace Collars, Barbes, Berthes, Spanish Lace Fichus.

Lace Handkerchiefs.

Feather Boas.

Nets, Chiffons, Veilings.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK

PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

After the pettifogger with a good case had been beaten by a first-class lawyer, he broke out:

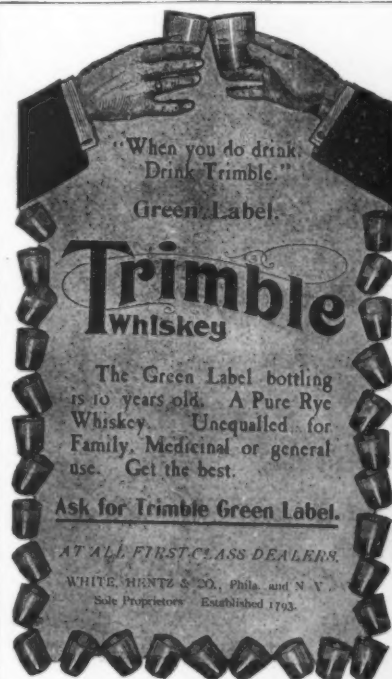
"Is there any man so small, mean, contemptible, despicable and rascally that you won't try to protect him?"

"Oh! I don't know," smilingly; "but you better give me a retainer before we talk any more about the case."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE REAL ORDEAL.

"And you think I'd better ask your father now?"

"Yes. It will be a little mild practice for you. Then come back and ask Ma!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



SWIFT DIRECTION.

MRS. DE PRETTY.—Horrors! That woman who just passed is a young man in disguise.

HUSBAND.—Well, well! How do you know?

MRS. DE PRETTY.—She looked at my face instead of my dress.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A MAN is in love with his wife so long as it does n't occur to him that he is getting nothing out of his salary but his board and clothes.—*Atchison Globe.*

A \$7.00 BOOK of EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS Given Free

to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscriptions as low as \$1.00 will entitle the donor to this handsome volume (cloth bound, 321) as a souvenir certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works, and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Stores) 186 Monroe St., Chicago.

(If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cts.)

Mention this Journal, as Adv. is inserted as our Contribution.

WHEN THE MINISTER COMES TO TEA.

Oh! they've swept the parlor carpet, and they've dusted every chair,
And they've got the tidies hangin' jest' exactly on the square;
And the whatnot's fixed up lovely, and the mats have all been beat,
And the pantry 's brimmin' over with the bully things ter eat.
Sis has got her Sunday dress on and she 's frizzin' up her bangs,
Ma 's got on her best alpacky and she 's askin' how it hangs,
Pa has shaved as slick as can be, and I'm rigged way up in G,
And it 's all because we 're goin' ter have the minister ter tea.

Oh! the table 's fixed up gaudy with the gilt-edged Chiny set,
And we 'll use the silver tea-pot and the comp'ny spoons, you bet;
And we 're goin' ter have some fruit-cake and some thimbleberry jam,
And "riz biscuits" and some doughnuts, and some chicken and some ham.

Ma, she 'll 'polergize like fury and say everything is bad,
And "sich awful luck with cookin'," she is sure she never had;
But, er course, she 's only bluffin', for it 's as prime as it can be,
And she 's only talkin' that way 'cause the minister 's ter tea.

Everybody 'll be a-smilin' and as good as ever wuz,
Pa won't growl about the vittles, like he generally does,
And he 'll ask me would I like another piece er pie; but, sho!
That, er course, is only manners, and I'm s'posed ter answer,
"No."

Sis 'll talk about the church-work and about the Sunday-school,
Ma 'll tell how she liked that sermon that was on the Golden Rule,
And if I upset my tumbler they won't say a word ter me;—
Yes, a boy can eat in comfort with the minister ter tea!

Say! a minister, you 'd reckon, never 'd say what was n't true;
But that is n't so with ours, and I jest can prove it, too;
'Cause when Sis plays on the organ so it makes yer want ter die,
Why, he sets and says it 's lovely; and that, seems ter me, 's a lie
But I like him all the samey, and I only wish he 'd stay
At our house fer good and always, and eat with us every day;
Only think of havin' goodies every evenin'! Jimminee!
And I 'd never git a scoldin' with the minister ter tea!

Joe Lincoln.

